



Of the of ;
and the Immortality
thereof.



HE Lights of Heaven,
which are the world's
fair eyes, Look
down into the world,
the world to

see;

And as they turn, or
wander in the skies,
Survey all things, that on this
Centre be,

And yet the Lights which in my
Tower do
shine,

Mine Eyes ! (which view all objects, nigh
and far) Look not into this little world of
mine, Nor see my face, wherein they fixed
are.

Since Nature fails us in no needful thing;
Why want I means, mine inward self to
see ? Which sight, the Knowledge of Myself
might bring ; Which, to true wisdom, is the
first degree.

That Power (which gave me eyes, the world
to view) To view myself, infused an
Inward Light, Whereby my Soul, as by a
Mirror true, Of her own form, may take a
perfect sight.

But as the sharpest Eye discerneth nought,
Except the sunbeams in the air do
shine; So the best Soul, with her
reflecting thought, Sees not herself,
without some light Divine.